THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 9, 1805.

General View of the Agriculture of Hertfordshire.

[From a Letter of the Hon. George Villiers, addressed to the Author of the Agricultural Report for the County of Hertford, and inserted in that Report.]

AT a time when farming was not so much a matter of fashionable pursuit and amusement as it is at present, the early habits of my life induced me to turn my mind to the consideration of it, and after the experience of some years, with what observations my attention to the subject, education, and situation in life enabled me to make, I began to look practically to the manner in which I could best, not only benefit myself, but the poorer sort of industrious labourers, who from the nature of my undertaking, were brought daily before my view. I have more, therefore, to say on this branch of agricultural study than on experimental farming.

The state of my parish workhouse was such as must be truly unsatisfactory to a mind of the least consideration or humanity; it was let by contract from year to year, and was not sufficiently large even to contain the persons claiming shelter under its miserable roof! What arrangement then for comfort and convenience could be expected from such an habitation? I found the aged and infirm; the dying, and even the dead; the young and able, the abandoned, and the well disposed; modest want and indigent profligacy, all confounded in one wretched mass! I attempted to form a committee to superintend the management of the poor, instead of farming them by contract, and to regulate the expenditure of the money raised for their relief. I was outvoted in the vestry, and the contract system was accordingly carried. This circumstance, (from what I had already too plainly

seen) convinced me that my fellow-creatures called most loudly for some assistance; and since the contract system was to be pursued, I thought I could not meet the evils belonging to it so effectually as by engaging myself to be the contractor. I had not much difficulty in obtaining that appointment as my terms were the most moderate. I expected in such an undertaking little gratitude, less praise, and no gain; but I was sure my mental gratification would pay me amply, if I succeeded in bettering, in any degree, the sad condition of so many miserable objects.

My first point was to divide and separate the different objects for relief and assistance which presented themselves before me. The lunatics to Bethlem; the sick and aged to comforts and medical assistance; the children to occupations by which they might hereafter obtain a livelihood; and, lastly, though not the least object of my consideration, to force as few as possible into the workhouse, and to use my utmost endeavours to encourage those already in, to have recourse to their own liberty and industry for their support. It is now nearly three years since I have undertaken the management of the poor of my parish, and though, from the high price of provision, I have been a very considerable loser, yet I have the satisfaction of seeing my plans for amending their condition, and ultimately, and indeed, very shortly, reducing the poor's rates, promise success equal to my most sanguine wishes. The slothful drones dare not apply to me: the orphan and illegitimate children are daily working their own way by industry, to be by degrees no burden to their parish; and surely the best way of teaching them the value of their labour, is to give them the whole amount of their earnings, and require them, as far as they can, to maintain themselves out of it. I shall perhaps be told, that boys and girls of tender years cannot earn sufficient to enable them to contribute much to their own maintenance; to which I have only to reply, that however small their remuneration may be, provided they are allowed to join those whom I will call *free people*, when compared with the slavery of a common contract workhouse, I find their emulation and spirit so much raised, that every month produces fresh and rapid improvement in the quality and quantity of their labour. I have the instances of three large families, subsisting on parish relief, who had been born and bred up in the workhouse, and were totally ignorant of every kind of work, except making a little mop-yarn for the contractor (which was no great object to him, as he had probably made a safe bargain for clothing and victualling per head), and who now are most of them capable of supporting themselves; and being once allowed to know the value of their earnings, they will not, we may presume, very readily turn to the abject state of labour and confinement which a workhouse presents.

Lest

Lest I should be carried to too great a length on this subject, I will only add, that the earnings I allude to are obtained in a woollen manufactory which I have established, and in agriculture. Attention to religious duties, warm and clean clothing, and as much wholesome food as can be eaten without waste, is the basis of my treatment of those under my protection.

I must now ask your attention to my general management of the industrious labourers on my farm, who from the extraordinary high price of the necessaries of life, and the regulated price of labour, were incapable of supporting themselves and their families by their earnings; to relieve their want, without wounding their honest pride and spirit, became the anxious object of my consideration. Generally speaking, the Saturday night's transaction of the labouring man is little indeed to his own credit, or to the advantage of his family: the alehouse affording him short change for his weekly earnings, and the little shops weight and measure in articles often of inferior quality, for their price; I therefore regularly paid them, by their own consent, a portion of their weekly hire in meat, and other wholesome and comfortable necessaries of life, always bearing in mind, that bread and wheaten flour being evidently the most scarce and costly, ought consequently to be the most sparingly administered; and I found by experience, that issuing mutton and beef to the labouring poor immediately from my own stock, as a farmer and grazier, that one half of the quantity of bread before used was found sufficient for the support of their families, and that I was not a loser by retailing out a small proportion of meat at a price suited to the purchasers, as I still sent the prime pieces to Newgate market, for the more luxurious consumption of the metropolis.

It may, perhaps, be said, that this plan can only be adopted by those farmers who have a quantity of stock, and whose farming establishment is upon a large scale; but I beg to observe, that the smallest farmer might make nearly a similar arrangement, either by allowing his labourers to have the use of his kitchen, oven, &c. or by suffering them to partake, for the benefit of themselves and families, of the bread and meat of the farm-house (at a reasonable deduction from their wages), which would give the poor man and his family advantages which very few cottages are enabled to afford: or, again, the farmer might take upon himself to bargain with a neighbouring butcher, or shop-keeper, to supply his labourers with the necessaries of life at a fair weight and measure, and at reduced prices, in consideration of ready money, which might be stopped every week out of their wages, by their own consent.

I also furnished myself with a cast-iron soup-boiler, from which my labourers, for a small sum, derived, twice a week, whole subsistence for their families. As there are at present so

many receipts for soup known and approved of by the community, I deem it unnecessary to enter further into the detail of the use of this article. But before I conclude these observations on the management of the poor, I cannot help lamenting to you, who I know to be zealous in their cause, that the office of overseer is blended with the occupations of persons carrying on trades for the maintenance of themselves and their families, and that this important office is annually transferred from one to another. The theory sounds very plausible, that overseers are to find employment for those who are capable of working; but look to the practice: what overseer or contractor, whose interest in the business, and whose powers of acting terminate at the expiration of six months, will institute any trade, or use such exertions in forming and instructing children, as to enable them to gain a livelihood for themselves in future? The consequence is obvious; that rates are annually enormously increasing in most parishes, and with them, alas! the train of evils which they were intended to remedy. Living, as we do, in the midst of the most opulent manufacturing nation in Europe, can we bear to see a race of people miserable from their poverty, and poor, only because they are uninstructed and unemployed, and not exert every means to endeavour to extricate them from their present state? a state of wretchedness to themselves, and of worse than inutility to the public.

My anxious wish is for a legislative act to appoint an adequate salary for overseers or individuals of united parishes, to recompence them for the time they ought to devote to that important avocation, and also to enable them to hold the office for a longer term than they now do.

Account of the opening of the Tomb of Edward the First, in Westminster Abbey, 467 Years after its Interment.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

IF you are disposed to lay before your readers an account of the effect produced by the mode of preservation, which, for many centuries, has been used upon the bodies of royal personages, the following lines will not be unacceptable to you. They are extracted from Sir Joseph Ayloffe's account of the opening of the tomb of Edward the First, in Westminster Abbey, 467 years after its interment; a narrative which I can never read without strong emotions of awe, and melancholy admiration. After describing the manner of opening the tomb and coffin, which was done with the utmost care, in the presence of the Rev. Dr. Thomas, then dean of Westminster, of two of the

the reverend prebendaries, and of the president of the society of antiquarians, the writer says:—

"On lifting up the lid, the royal corpse was found wrapped up within a large square mantle of strong, coarse, and thick linen cloth, diapered, of a dull, pale, yellowish brown colour, and waxed on its under side.

"The head and face were entirely covered with a sudarium, or face-cloth, of crimson sarsenet, the substance whereof is so much perished, as to have a cobweb-like face, and the appearance of fine lint. The sudarium was formed into three folds. When the folds of the external wrapper were thrown back, and the sudarium removed, the corpse was discovered, richly habited, adorned with ensigns of royalty, and almost entire, notwithstanding the length of time that it had been entombed. Its innermost covering seemed to have been a very fine linen cere-cloth, dressed close to every part of the body, and superinduced with such accuracy and exactness, that the fingers and thumbs of both the hands had each of them a separate and distinct envelope of that material. The face, which had a similar covering closely fitted thereto, retained its exact form, although part of the flesh appeared to be somewhat wasted. It was of a dark brown, or chocolate colour, approaching to black, as were the hands and fingers. The chin and lips were entire, but without any beard; and a sinking, or dip, between the chin and under lip, was very conspicuous. Both the lips were prominent; the nose short, as if shrunk; but the apertures of the nostrils were visible. There was an unusual fall, or cavity, on that part of the bridge of the nose which separates the orbits of the eyes; and some globular substance, possibly the fleshy part of the eye-balls, was moveable in their sockets, under the envelope. Below the chin and under-jaw was lodged a quantity of black dust, which had neither smell nor coherence; but, whether the same had been flesh or spices, could not be ascertained. One of the joints of the middle-finger of the right hand was loose, but those of the left hand were quite perfect. The corpse, from the waist downward, was covered with a large piece of rich figured cloth of gold, which was loose over the lower part of the tunic, thighs, legs, and feet, and tucked down behind the soles of the latter. There did not remain any appearance of gloves; but, on the back of each hand, and just below the knuckle of the middle-finger, lay a quatre-soil of the same metal as those on the stole*. The feet, with their toes, soles, and heels, seemed to be perfectly entire, but, whether they have sandals on them, or not, is uncertain, as the cloth tucked over them was not removed. On measuring the body by a rod, quadrated into inches, divided

* Of fillagree-work in metal gilt, elegantly chased in figure.

vided into quarters, it appeared to be exactly six feet, and two inches in length."

In making this extract, I have not followed the exact succession of the sentences in the original memoir, which is of considerable length, but you have all its material passages.

I am, &c.

CURFEW.

Memoirs of the Life of Dr. John Hawkesworth.

THIS ingenious writer, whose parents were in humble circumstances of life, was born in the year 1715. After enjoying moderate advantages of education, he was brought up to a mechanical employment as a watch-maker; an art which has a tendency to create habits of reflection and inquiry, by which the professor may insensibly rise to the character of a philosopher and a scholar.

While a watch-maker he began to make attempts in the gay and airy walks of polite literature. These attempts were favoured by an advantage in the state of literary publication at that time, of which he could not, thirty or forty years sooner, have had opportunity to avail himself. The Tatler, the Spectator, the Guardian, in the reign of Queen Ann, set an example of periodical publication, supported in part by the voluntary aid of correspondents, which, from that period, has never ceased in this country to be busily followed.

Hawkesworth sent his first compositions for insertion to the Gentleman's Magazine, and their favourable reception excited him to new trials. He continued them 'till his aid became so useful, and his productions were so much distinguished, that in the year 1743 he was engaged to execute, under Mr. Cave's superintendance, the task of editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.

He wrote both in poetry and in prose. His poetical pieces were in general but short copies of verses, rather grave than airy, and though pregnant with meaning yet not unadorned with some of the lighter graces. In prose, his favourite attempts were to recommend ethical truth, by arraying it in those guises of fancy which were then the most popular in the elegant literature of England. He translated many pieces from the French. He selected extracts from some new books, and made abridgements of others. The parliamentary debates written for that magazine, from July, 1736, to November, 1740, by William Guthrie, the historian; and from that period 'till March, 1743, by Dr. Samuel Johnson; were also, from this date, for some time, either composed or corrected, in continuance of the same series, by Mr. Hawkesworth. He had, likewise, to exa-

mine the communications of correspondents, and to compile the details of political and private history.

This sort of literary business left to Mr. Hawkesworth, as he has himself related, "no time to read for amusement." But in these labours as editor, his taste became correct and refined; his mind was filled with materials of imagery for the new creations of fancy; his judgment formed habits, and gained principles of just discrimination; he learned to assume the confidence of genius in his own powers; and came to write with a readiness and facility which, beside their use in study and business, have the further advantage of being nearly allied to vigour and perspicacity of mind.

For about ten years its direction remained in Mr. Hawkesworth's hands. During that time he lived in habits of friendly intercourse with various poets and men of letters, correspondents in the Gentleman's Magazine. There is in Fawkes's poems a lively epistle in verse, in which that poet, who was a clergyman, then resident near town, invites Mr. Hawkesworth to a dinner at his parsonage house. It imitate's Horace's fine invitation to Virgil, using also some hints from his invitations, in two other odes to Mecenas, and from his epistle to Torquatus, so admirably imitated by the witty festive epicurean, Dr. King. Fawkes promises his expected guest good mutton and old port; and advises him, if Cave should be urgent for *copy*, to *steal out of the back door* of his house, without letting it be known that he was going to pass the afternoon from home.

In his connexion with Mr. Cave he was introduced to the acquaintance of Dr. Samuel Johnson. He shared the respect of Cave for Johnson's learning and genius. With great diligence he endeavoured to attain to excellence of style in prose, by imitating the models exhibited by Johnson, in his life of Savage, in his debates of the houses of parliament, in his plan of the English dictionary, and in the other fugitive pieces in prose which he had, by that time, published. Johnson received him into his friendship, and delighted to make him sometimes an antagonist in that sword-play of wit and logic, which was his favourite amusement, sometimes the disciple of that wisdom, which in his triumphs of controversy he was accustomed to pour forth. In 1749 Johnson established his first literary club, and Hawkesworth was invited to become a member of it. From that time, at least till the period of his retirement to Bromley, in Kent, he commonly attended the meetings of the club at a weekly supper at Horseman's, in Ivy-lane, at which Johnson seldom failed to attend. He there refreshed his mind with social converse, and with convivial enjoyment, after the fatigue of his ordinary toils in literature; and he drew from the overpowering copiousness with which Johnson communicated all the stores of his rich and vigorous intellect, new accessions

of

of knowledge, which he had not leisure to seek in slow and regular study.

While this club continued its meetings, Johnson, on the 20th of March, 1750, began the publication of the numbers of the Rambler, which he carried on 'till the 14th of March, 1752. In Johnson's work the club had no immediate share. In the summer, after the conclusion of the Rambler, and when the collection of that work into volumes had probably begun to remove all uncertainty of its ultimate success, the councils of the club in Ivy-lane encouraged Hawkesworth to propose the plan of the Adventurer. Mr. J. Payne agreed to become the publisher, at the price of two guineas a number, copy-money. Hawkesworth was to be the editor and principal author of the work. Dr. Bathurst agreed to become an auxiliary. Johnson, both because he had so recently discussed almost every topic of taste, morals, and manners, in the Rambler, and because a less solemn way of writing than his was intended, did not himself, at the first projecting of the new paper, engage to take any part in it. But he wrote to persuade his friend, Joseph Warton, to supply for it some papers of criticism.

On the 7th of November, 1752, the first number of the Adventurer was published. Its reception was favourable; and in the course of its publication it came to be still more and more liked by common readers. The numbers were published twice a week, and the last appeared on the 9th of March, 1754. It was divided, by the plan of the first publication, into two volumes, folio, each containing seventy numbers. The classical mottos were not at first translated; but a translation of these, with a table of contents, was given at the end of each volume. Soon after the folio edition was completed, the bookseller reprinted the work in four volumes, in duodecimo.

Hawkesworth was himself the writer of the greater part of those numbers. But he had also the advantage of powerful assistance: Dr. Bathurst sent a few, which have the signature of A, but in the composition of which he is believed to have done little else than hold the pen while Johnson dictated. When Bathurst's avocations obliged him to decline further concern in this work, Johnson was himself persuaded to take a direct and avowed part in it. His papers are marked with the signature T, and compose no inconsiderable proportion of the whole. Dr. Joseph Warton did not disappoint the expectations with which his assistance had been asked. His papers of criticism, with the signature Z, were regularly supplied, and contributed essentially to the general popularity of the work.

The Adventurer is less pregnant with vigorous wit and with deep reflection than the Rambler. In his attempt at wit and sprightliness Hawkesworth was rarely fortunate. With the speculative philosophy of ethics he was but imperfectly acquainted;

nor had he that perspicacity of intellect and vigilance of observation on the living world, without which original remarks on the essential manners of man will not easily suggest themselves. The praise which is peculiarly and eminently his, is that of skill to illustrate common truths by well-imagined combinations of incidents, and by the delineation of characters which, though not powerfully drawn, were, however, in their superficial distinctions, sufficiently natural.

It was an age of novels, as of periodical essays, in which he wrote. Hawkesworth was evidently a diligent reader of the best novels. All those incidents in human life, which were the most susceptible of being introduced with advantage in a fictitious narrative, were familiar to his mind. He had taste and judgment to distinguish in what arrangements they might be, with the most natural propriety, united and applied the most fitly to the illustration of some general truth of moral import. And he had a liveliness of imagination capable of bringing those changes of human fortune, which he knew, into new and happy assemblages. Hence the origin of those beautiful tales, the presence of which gives its most eminent peculiarity of character to the Adventurer, and which for beauty of design, for natural diversity and propriety of incidents, for the force and clearness with which they suggest the moral truths, which they were severally intended to convey, greatly excel whatever has been given to the world of the same sort, in any other periodical publication.

In his eastern tales he wants the genuine resemblance of the manners and modes of expression proper to the inhabitants of the east. But pardon him this defect, and you shall find it to be compensated by almost every other merit. His tales, of which the manners are English, want no such allowance; but however rigorously tried by criticism, will ever challenge its highest approbation. In his more brief stories and allegories, he almost equally excels, yet not without wanting sometimes that light felicity, archness, and grace, in which resides the secret charm of almost all fictions, which are, at the same time, very short and very pleasing. Whenever Hawkesworth attempts to be directly dictatic in morals, he fails in dignity and impressive force, and is generally trite. In speculative ethics, or what may be called philosophy of morals, he is always confused and uncertain in his views.

Mr. William Duncombe, in a paper of remarks, which has been since printed*, showed that Hawkesworth had injudiciously and unsuccessfully endeavoured, in the story of Yamodin and Samira, to prove that there is no universal rule of moral con-

* In the appendix to a ſmall volume of very elegant letters by Archbiſhop Herring to William Duncombe, Eſq.

duct as it respects society. In other instances the general ethical positions in the Adventurer might have been attacked with equal advantage. Hawkesworth's style, in his papers in this work, has the structure, and generally the correctness, but not the pomp, the force, nor the *ardentia verba* of Johnson's. Hawkesworth's own papers were the most popular part of the publication; and it should seem, by the concluding paper, that he was not unwilling to value his own efforts, as proceeding from a genius more fertile and elegant than that of any of his coadjutors.

(To be continued.)

Interesting Circumstances relative to some of the most celebrated Grecian Writers.

MENANDER was drowned in the harbour of Piræus (*A. C.* 293), at a time of life when he had done enough for immortality, but while the powers of his mind were yet unimpaired by age, and his genius sufficiently ardent to do still more. He is said to have thrown himself into the sea in a fit of jealousy, occasioned by his unfortunate competition with Philemon, his contemporary in the middle comedy. He was vanquished, as Aulus Gellius asserts, by the superior interest rather than talents of his successful rival, and the same writer relates, that, meeting him shortly after the contest had been decided, he asked him "If he did not blush at gaining the prize against him?" Menander is to be classed in the melancholy list of great men, to whom the jealousy, bad taste, or intrigues of the times in which they lived, denied justice, and to whose names fame and honour were attached when they no longer lived to enjoy them.

By a strange fatality, a great proportion of the writers as well as the warriors of antiquity were thus prematurely cut off from existence. Euripides and Heraclitus were torn to pieces by dogs. Theocritus ended his career by the halter. Empedocles was lost in the crater of Mount Etna. Hesiod was murdered by his secret enemies; Archilochus and Ibycus by banditti. Sappho threw herself from a precipice. Æschylus perished by the fall of a tortoise. Anacreon (as may be expected) owed his death to grapes. Cratinus and Terence experienced the same fate with Menander. Seneca and Lucan, condemned to death by a tyrant, cut their veins, and died repeating their own verses; and Petronius Arbiter met a similar catastrophe. Lucretius, it is said, wrote under the delirium of a philtre administered by his mistress, and destroyed himself from its effects. Poison, though swallowed under very different circumstances, cut short the days of Socrates and Demosthenes; and

Cicero

Cicero fell under the proscription of the triumvirate. It is truly wonderful that so many men, the professed votaries of peace, and retirement, should have met with fates so widely different from that to which the common casualties of life should seem to expose them.

Of Philemon, the successful rival of Menander, we know but little. He seems to have passed his life in the exercise of those social virtues which secure the affection of intimates, but have little tendency to advance him to notice. These peaceful virtues would probably have consigned the comic poet to obscurity, had not his exigencies called out the powers he possessed to surmount those obstacles which his inclination had opposed, and pushed him into active life. His ears could not have been deaf to the plaudits conferred on his performances, and some sparks of ambition must have been kept alive by perpetual rivalry with the great master of the sock.

We have a picture of Sterne, drawn by himself, in the attitude of feeding an ass with macaroons: "And at this moment," says that sprightly and whimsical writer, "that I am telling it, my heart smites me that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon, than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act." It would be hard to say what figure an ass would make while thus engaged; but we are told by Valerius Maximus that a similar entertainment caused the death of Philemon. This poet, on entering a room to refresh himself with some figs, observed that an ass had been before hand with him, and was leisurely devouring them one by one. Philemon, wishing to complete the repast, courteously ordered a slave to present his dumb guest with a goblet of wine. This curious symposium provoked the comedian to such a fit of laughter, that he was suffocated in the struggle.

Every anecdote of Philemon, down to the tragic-comic one which closed his existence, recommends him to our esteem. He is said to have possessed infinite good humour; and to the ease and gaiety of his manners and amiable character he was, probably, more indebted for his many triumphs over Menander than to his superiority as a writer. Every thing seems to have been so well tempered within him, all violent and malign passions to have been held in such perfect subjection, and all the more engaging and estimable qualities to have been allowed such free indulgence, that his constitution suffered no violence from pent-up emotions, and his body no diminution of vigour from the jarring, gloomy, or furious elements of his mind. He did not indulge in the luxuries of the table, which, as they pamper, irritate, and enflame, are, at least, one of the sources from which the most dangerous disorders of temper, intellect, and

constitution, derive their growth. Owing to these causes, he reached the very advanced age of 101 years.

The fragments of Philemon that have come down to us bespeak a mind tranquil and unruffled, capable, from its intimacy with the human heart and all its intricacies, to dictate what is for the good of mankind, but content with gentle admonition and persuasion. How amiable is the rebuke of one of his characters to a friend who was detected in weeping, instead of endeavouring to redress a misfortune:

If tears could med'cine human ills, and give
The heart o'ercharg'd a sweet restorative,
Gold, jewels, splendour, all we reckon dear,
Were mean and worthless to a single tear.
But ah! nor treasures bribe, nor raining eyes,
Our firm inexorable destinies—
Weep we or not, as sun succeeds to sun,
In the same course our fates unpitying run.
Tears yet are our's whene'er misfortunes press;
And tho' they fail to give the wish'd redress,
Long as their fruits the changing seasons bring,
These bitter drops will flow from sorrow's spring.

On the FASHIONABLE WORLD.

THIS is a world of itself, having its own customs, laws, and manners, and aiming in every thing to be as much unlike as possible to the rest of their fellow-creatures, whom they look upon as wretches calculated only for the supply of their wants, or as mere blanks in existence. Hence the fashionable world goes to bed when the lower class rises to its labour; it spends its day in sloth, and feels its existence only in night, in the glare of candles, and the dazzle of jewels. Winter is its delight, summer its abhorrence; for in the latter, providence is showing forth its blessings on the human race; but in the winter every comfort is derived from art. It hates the sun, because its light is common to all mankind. It will shiver in winter for want of dress to warm the limbs, though its taste brings on disorders of the most painful nature. The generous feelings of love, friendship, and affection, of patriotism, of benevolence, of charity, are strangers to this world: talent is despised, and a terrible uniformity spreads a languor in every society which is devoted to fashion.

Of late years this world has, to the misfortune of England, increased, and is nightly drawing within its vortex many who might have done honour to the human species. From the mode of life led in this world, the best qualities of the head and heart are destroyed; the health is impaired, and a miserable race is generated,

generated, eaten up with disease, spleen, and the vapours. As it increases, the honour, courage, and spirit of a nation decrease; and when it has triumphed completely over every attempt of religion and common sense to restrain the folly of dissipation, then is the nation ripe for ruin, and its ruin inevitably follows. The noblesse of France were subjugated by fashion, before they were driven out of their country by the lower classes, whom they affected to despise; and this ought to be a warning to those of high birth and property among us, who countenance the levity, folly, impiety, and dissipation of the trifling herd of insignificant beings which assumes to itself the name of the fashionable world.

FASHIONS *for* SEPTEMBER.

THE decease of the duke of Gloucester, his majesty's only remaining brother, an event which took place on the 25th of August, 1805, has occasioned a general mourning.

Hats for evening dress are made of black crape tiffany or picket, ornamented with jet or bugles, feathers or flowers; the latter the most prevailing. Black chips of a new shape, extremely becoming, ornamented with crape or tiffany flowers; turbans, with veils richly embroidered with bugles, must always hold their station.

Tiaras, composed of jet and bugles, are also much worn; the dresses are crape, Italian muslin, or tiffany, made as usual; long clear sleeves and handkerchiefs of the same; but the ball dresses will be of white thin muslin or crape, with black ornaments or white bugles; black tiffany, crape, or picket scarfs and mantles; large veils, suspended from the crown of the hat, forming a covering for the shoulders; for the morning, black muslins and gipsey hats; sarsnet slips are worn under the ball dresses.

Nothing displays a fine figure to so much advantage as mourning; it gives additional lustre to a fine skin and complexion.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS. The dresses are made of sarsnet or Italian gauze, the waists extremely short. The sleeves very short, and made in a variety of fancy ways; some are covered with small tucks, others quite plain, and looped up with broaches. The cloaks are all made of black crape; the most fashionable makes are, the scarf and the long Spanish cloak. Habit-shirts of black crape, with a small white frill round the top of the collar. The turban hat is also much worn, lined with crape, and ornamented with black feathers or flowers. Mob caps of black crape, trimmed with quillings of the same. For full dress there is nothing worn but crape, the trains very long, and trimmed all round with velvet and bugles.

MODEL

MODEL *of an* IMPREGNABLE CASTLE.

MR. GILLESPIE has invented a model for a covered battery, which is intended for guarding the coasts of the united kingdom. It is upon a moveable principle, and carries only one gun (an 84-pounder), which can be directed in a moment to any one given point. This gun can be elevated or lowered by the most simple machinery, and having a tube at the top, parallel to its axis, it may be brought to take surer aim than by the mode now in use. The mechanism is so wonderfully ingenious, that it is calculated to turn the most ponderous mortars or guns of any calibre with the greatest ease, and the whole can be worked by five men, who remain inside the battery in perfect safety. It is so constructed, that it resists the most powerful engines used in the besieging of towns, &c. This wonderful invention has excited the admiration of all who have seen it. The board of ordnance have borne testimony of its merit. Mr. Pitt, Sir Sidney Smith, Sir Thomas Trollope, General Debbeigh, are among its admirers. This impregnable castle resembles in shape a polygon moving round upon an inclined plane, so as always to present an acute angle to the point of attack. It is intended to be completely bomb proof, by being lined on the outsides with iron, from two to four inches in thickness, which would render it impregnable to any shot, if even taken in a flank direction, which never presents itself, the sides of the battery being an inclined plane. The door or entrance consequently is in the back part of it. The inventor, we hear, has been for some time in treaty with government. He has had the warmest support from Colonel Crawford, and Sir Sydney Smith.

BADNESS *of the* TIMES.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

I Shall beg leave to make a few observations on a subject of complaint very common at this time, but which certainly is as frivolous as it is common. What I allude to is the custom that almost every one who has attained the age of thirty or forty years, has of complaining of an imagined difference (for the worse) between the present times, and those of their youth. This complaint, I shall at present endeavour to shew the folly of, and that may, I think, be easily done, by a short review of the state of affairs during the last sixty years, (it will hardly be necessary to go farther back than that), from which I think it will appear, that the state of the nation is certainly altered for the better. And herein, I do not speak of the interests of religion,

not conceiving myself competent to determine whether they have been materially benefitted or injured since that period; but shall simply endeavour to prove, that the country is in a more prosperous state than it was fifty years ago.

During many years, or rather almost the whole of the reign of George the Second, a civil war was raging in the very bowels of the kingdom; the crown was unsettled, as were also the people. Throughout the north of England, all was confusion: the marching of armies, the sacking and burning of towns and villages, and all the horrors of war conspired to alarm the minds of the people, and to put a stop to agriculture, trade, and manufactures. Even after the defeat of the pretender, the scaffolds and gibbets erected for his adherents, and the numerous executions throughout the kingdom, alarmed every peaceable citizen, and presented an effectual bar to the re-establishment of tranquillity.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was dangerous, if not disgraceful to the English nation; the war that soon after followed was bloody and expensive, and the conduct of Admiral Byng (whether he or the ministry were in fault, is little to my purpose), brought a disgrace upon the British navy, which his subsequent condemnation was but little calculated to wipe away. That there were many actions performed glorious to our arms, I will not attempt to deny, but they were more than equalled in the last war, and I believe that no one denies, that the latter part of his present majesty's reign, has presented a brighter prospect than the beginning did. To prove this, we need only reflect for a moment on the disastrous events of the American war, the administration of Lord Bute, and the riots of London, which conjointly reduced this nation to the brink of ruin, from which it was in a great measure retrieved by the splendid talents of the present minister, though much more had been done by his great father.

Nor is the prejudice confined to the world of politics only, but it extends to almost every part of our affairs. I have even heard an old gentleman declare, that *when he was young*, his apples were ripe a month sooner than they are at present, and that peaches and nectarines, &c. were twice as large as they are now. This, however, is too ridiculous to refute, nor should I have mentioned it, except, to shew how far this folly (for so I must call it) extends. It is the same with every thing else, cloth as well as fruit; nay coals and wood, and even iron itself, are said to have degenerated. If so, what will become of our grandsons? If we go on at this supposed rate, they perhaps will be forced (from the degeneracy of cloth) to wear two coats at once, and have a new one every week; they will not be able to feel a fire, unless made with a chaldron of coals, whereas their forefathers were comfortably warmed with a bushel. They will, perhaps,

haps, since iron and steel are grown so bad, be afraid to trust to the strong box, which in former days held their grandfathers money very safely. "Where will all this end?" I am sure I cannot tell. It seems to be arrived at a very great height already.

This is an extensive subject, and I have been rather prolix, but I cannot conclude without saying, that were it possible accurately to ascertain what was the wealth of the kingdom fifty years ago, and what it is at present, and could the taxes and burdens of the same periods be also known, I think the balance would be in our favour, since when the present times are represented as so very bad, our vast increase in trade, manufactures, and wealth, is not considered, nor appreciated as it ought to be. From whence this arises, I know not, but that this croaking was less frequent, I earnestly wish, as it certainly tends to depress the national spirit of the rising generation, and insensibly extinguishes the "amor patriæ" in their bosoms, by making them believe that their country is grown so bad, that it is not worth contending for; but that such may never be the case, is really the earnest wish of your's, &c.

X. C.

May 2, 1805.

IMPROVEMENTS *at* OWHYHEE.

IT is a curious fact, that the natives of Owhyhee, where Captain Cook lost his life, have, since, the æra of the well-known voyage of Captain Vancouver, made astonishing advances to dexterity and skill in our most useful European arts. Tama-hama, the King, is another Peter the Great. Captain Vancouver laid down the keel of his first vessel in 1792. He is now master of more than 20 vessels, some even copper-bottomed, of different sizes, from 25 to 50 tons. He encourages Europeans to settle in the island, provided they be industrious, and acquainted with the arts which may be of use to him. He has a company of body guards, whom he makes to imitate the European discipline. He has a palace, built in the fashion of Europe, of brick, with glass windows. His subjects have learned to make trading voyages, as far as the north-west coast of America. He has accumulated larger stores of fire-arms, gunpowder, hardware, and cloth of different sorts, than he has occasion to consume. And, it is a truth, however surprising it may appear, that he and his subjects already meditate the design of a trade with China, to be carried on in vessels of their own construction, navigated by their own people.

INSTANCES *of* SPANISH CRUELTY.

[From the Notes to Whitchurch's Hiſpaniola.]

IN the year 1630 they (the Spaniards) landed on the iſland of St. Chriſtopher's; they ſelected 600 of the ableſt men among the Engliſh ſettlers, and condemned them to the mines, and ordered all the reſt, conſiſting chiefly of women and children, to quit the iſland under pain of death. Eight years after this they attacked a ſmall Engliſh colony at Tortuga, and put every man, woman, and child to the ſword. In 1650 they landed at Santa Cruz, which the Engliſh were then in poſſeſſion of, and murdered every man, woman, and child, as at Tortuga: and they treated the Dutch, who took poſſeſſion of it ſome time afterwards, as they had treated the Engliſh. About the year 1680 they landed at New Providence, one of the Bahama Iſlands, and totally deſtroyed the Engliſh ſettlement there: they carried Mr. Clark, the governor away to Cuba, and there put him to death by torture. It is true that Cromwell very juſtly chaſtized them for their inſolence and barbarity in his time; but under the reign of the Stuarts, and even in later reigns, it is much to be lamented that they have been permitted to outrage humanity with impunity. And it is not to be doubted, were ſome of the mines of South America to be explored, that there would be found in them even at this time a great number of Engliſh, as well as other Europeans, dragging on a miſerable exiſtence, and doomed to perpetual ſlavery.

REFLECTION.

THE ſpeculative powers of the human mind are ſeldom exerted with greater pleaſure than in retracing the ſpot where ſome memorable deed has been performed, or in contemplating the recollection of events and characters which are gone never to return. And, perhaps, next to the actual exertion of our powers, there are few pleaſures which, in poignancy, exceed the peruſal of works whoſe clearneſs and fulneſs of information ſupply the moſt accurate intelligence of former times. The inveſtigation is intereſting and amuſing.

A QUESTION, *by Fidelio, of St. Hillary.*

REQUIRED to find two numbers, by algebra, ſo that the ſum of their ſquares ſhall be equal to the leſſer multiplied by 145: and the ſquare of the leſſer added to their product, the ſum may be 1400.

Anſwer, by S. Moore, of Horſwell Houſe, to the North Country Sailor's Rebus, inſerted July 1.

HOSE I wear, and ſo do you,
Which is your rebus, ſo adieu!

☞ A ſimilar anſwer has been received from T. Adey, of Poole.

Anſwer, by F. Symes, of Briſtol, to T. Rutger's Charade, inſerted July 8.

'TIS RICHMOND-HILL's delightful view,
That your charade doth anſwer true.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Garnſey, and J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey; T. Adey, of Poole; Adrianus; —— Rowden, jun. of Heyteſbury; W. Pollard, of Egloſhayle; William Mann, of South Brent; and W. Gard, of Gittiſham.

Anſwer, by T. Wyatt, of Tiverton, to T. Gill's Charade, inſerted July 8.

PEERAGE's the ſecret, without doubt,
Your charade will make clearly out.

☞ Similar anſwers have been received from F. Symes, of Briſtol; Thomas Prout, of Mevagiſſey; T. Wotton, of Newton Buſhel; S. Moore, of Horſewell Houſe; J. Gidley, jun. of Dean Prior; T. Adey, of Poole; William Pollard, of Egloſhayle; and W. Gard, of Gittiſham.

A CHARADE, *by Thomas Prout, of Mevagiſſey.*

FAM'D Herſchel! to his optic nerve applies
My uſeful firſt, to view the boundleſs ſkies;
My next in Julia's boſom oft I've ſeen,
When we have rambled o'er the rural green:
Go ſcrutinize gay Flora's empire o'er,
'Tis there my whole you quickly will explore.

A REBUS, *by John Lewis, of Poole.*

A Tree, ye gents. you firſt will find;
A well-known fruit then bring to mind;
Thirdly what's paſt I'd have you tell;
Laſtly a number you know well:
The initials join'd will make appear
A gem, that coſtly is and clear.

An ENIGMA, *by T. Z. of Exeter.*

LIKE the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when ſtrongeſt confin'd;
For ſilver and gold I don't trouble my head,
The things I delight in are pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ſhip or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down;
One property more I would have you remark—
No lady was ever more fond of a ſpark;
The moment I get one my ſoul is on fire,
I roar out my joy, and in tranſport expire.

POETRY.

EDWARD AND EMMA.

IT was evening, when gaily and lightly tripp'd by,
Fair Emma, the daughter of health;
All happy her days—nor for more did ſhe ſigh,
Nor for luxury, pleaſure, or wealth.

She had been to a neighbouring market all day,
To ſell what her fair hand had rear'd;
And now to her mother's ſtill cot bent her way,
All charm'd with the evening bird.

The moon it ſhone bright on her fair-illum'd face,
As, wondering, its beauty ſhe view'd:
She heard a deep ſigh—ſhe quicken'd her pace,
And, thoughtful, her journey purſu'd.

It was Edward—who, tempted by Luna's pale light,
Forth walk'd, by the moon-ſilver'd tide,
And as raptur'd he gaz'd on the beauty of night,
His eyes firſt met Emma—he ſigh'd.

He ſigh'd—but his countenance brighten'd with joy,
As ſtruck with her beauty he ſtood,
'Till no more her lov'd form his fond eyes could employ—
Then downcaſt in ſorrowful mood,

He turn'd to his father's rich ſumptuous hall,
With intent to drive care from his breaſt:
But joy no more heeded his ſuppliant call,
And in vain he ſought comfort or reſt.

And now he retires to ſome murmuring rill,
There pours out his grief and his woes:
The foreſts they hear him complain that he ſtill,
Nor her name nor her family knows,

Thus on Edward, who formerly bloom'd in his youth,
Pale ſickneſs has laid her dread hand.
He, baſhful, conceals from his father the truth—
Ah! who againſt love can withſtand?

B. F.

DESCRIPTION *of a* COMET.

WHEN the dread comet verges on the ſun,
His lengthen'd courſe of centuries outrun;
He full imbibes the renovative flame,
The planets dwindling in his fiercer beam.
He ſweeps around the fervid ſource of day,
Then headlong launches on his deſtin'd way.
His ſplendours dimm'd, as onward he retires,
In ruddy gleams his languid torch expires:
And now beyond where Herſchel's utmoſt ſphere,
Unbleſt, revolves along his dark career:
Progreſſive holds his unabated flight,
Thro' the profound of everlaſting night:

For

For here, each ſun, diminiſh'd to a ſtar,
Shoots a faint ray, and twinkles from afar;
Amid the vaſt, his ſelf-ſuſpended ball
Long ages view obſcure, and ſilent roll:
Elaps'd his years; attraction's riſing power,
Thro' ſpace impels him ſwifter every hour;
'Till now againſt the gloom a pallid glow
His ſides reflect, like night o'er Lapland ſnow.
Anon his beams avenging fate declare
To guilty ſtates, and ſcatter anxious fear;
And pierce the tyrant's iron-heart with dread,
That Heaven prepares to whelm his blood-ſtain'd head.
How rapid, ſee! he ſweeps the heavenly plain,
Behind him caſt the blue diſaſtrous flame.
Now from the floods of light emerg'd he flies,
And wide around illumes the nightly ſkies:
Unwearied, haſtening to purſue again
His dreary flight thro' midnight's chill domain.

The MORNING *of* BATTLE.

ARISE, brothers! Britons! in valour ariſe!
The banner of freedom's unfurl'd;
The day-ſpring of victory gleams from the ſkies;
The thunder of vengeance is hurl'd!

With our ſwords in our hands now, uplifted to Heav'n,
We ſwear we will never be ſlaves!
And the altar on which this promiſe is giv'n,
Is the turf of our forefathers' graves.

For a king, our fond father, for laws we adore,
The dear tender ties of our love,
Like a band of true brothers, we'll ruſh to the ſhore,
Our arms and our valour to prove.

Shall our ſweet native iſle, ſo long freedom's abode,
Be a prey to the tyrant of Gaul?
No! no! by our honour, our fathers, our God,
We will ſave it, or die at its fall!

Hark! hark! 'tis the bugle each warrior that calls,
Who ſhrinks not at death's awful name!
To arms! haſte to arms! ev'ry hero that falls,
Shall "die in the blaze of his fame!"

The praiſe of his king, the applauſe of the brave,
Shall ſoften the pillow of death;
While his children exulting, ſhall boaſt that to ſave
His country, he gave up his breath.

ELEGY *on the* DEATH *of an* INFANT.

SWEET babe, by death's cold hand, in earlieſt bloom,
Torn from thy mother's boſom to the tomb:
While o'er thy grave thy drooping parents bend,
O may thoſe parents hear a faithful friend,
Nor think thee only born but to bequeath,
Pain at thy birth, and ſorrow at thy death.
For when the great eternal day ſhall come,
Then ſhall they meet thee at thy happieſt home,
And ſee their firſt dear pledge of mutual love,
Blooming in ſpotleſs innocence above.